J. Henry Haynie.

The Nineteenth Illinois

A MEMOIR OF A REGIMENT OF VOLUNTEER INFANTRY FAMOUS IN THE CIVIL WAR OF FIFTY YEARS AGO FOR ITS DRILL, BRAVERY, AND DISTINGUISHED SERVICES.

EDITED BY

J. HENRY HAYNIE, of Company D.

AUTHOR OF "PARIS PAST AND PRESENT," "THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS," ETC.; "CHEVALIER IN THE LEGION d'HONNEUR OF FRANCE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

"Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once had been."

—LONGFELLOW

in return for the wounding of our men by skulking scalawags. It was pitiful, but it was war.

The Nineteenth Illinois was next put to guarding bridges in little squads scattered in stockades along the railroad from Huntsville to Decatur, and thence to Columbia. When the Confederate army under General Bragg moved from Chattanooga, by Sparta and Carthage, to invade Kentucky, and had struck at Buell's communications between Bowling Green and Franklin, the Brigade was concentrated at Nashville. The Nineteenth was one of the last regiments withdrawn from the front, during which movement it had several times to fight the enemy, each time successfully. It was a way we had in those days of long ago. We reached the capital of Tennessee the fifth of September, 1862, and remained there under Negley during the partial blockade of the city against Breckenridge's force, meanwhile having our full share of guard and picket duty, short rations, and sharp skirmishes. At Edgefield Junction, on the fifth of November, we had quite a time of it with Forrest's Cavalry, and repulsed him handsomely in that spirited affair. It looked occasionally during the seige as though we might have to surrender, unless speedily reinforced; and while it was no easy matter to hold Nashville and gather supplies from the country round, as we had to do, this was successfully accomplished.

After the Battle of Perryville (or Chaplin Hills), Kentucky, fought October 1–8, by a part of Buell's army and Bragg's full force, and which was a serious defeat to the Union troops, Major General W. S. Rosecrans superseded Don Carlos in command. This was brought about by General Orders No. 168, War Department, which also changed the name of the "Army of the Ohio" to that of "Department of the Cumberland" while designating the troops in this new Department as the Fourteenth Army

Corps. This designation of department soon gave place to the more appropriate and popular one of Army of the Cumberland, and it so remained ever after. And it was as a small but effective part of that Army that the Nineteenth Illinois gained nearly all the renown and distinction it ever bore.

With Nashville secure in his possession, Rosecrans turned his attention to the re-establishment of his army, and on the seventh of November he announced in General Orders its reorganization. Under the new arrangement the Nineteenth was brigaded with the Eighteenth and Sixty-ninth Ohio and the Eleventh Michigan Infantry regiments, and thus we came to be in the Second Brigade, Colonel T. R. Stanley commanding,* and in the Second Division, under General James S. Negley. We were already beginning to like Rosecrans, and we are proud to have served with him, as we did for nearly a whole year. Few commanders of his time possessed such military knowledge and fertility in the hour of trial, seems to be the summing up of military critics of Major General Rosecrans. To us he was always a soldier, brave, accomplished, and devoutly religious. "Old Rosey," as we soon came to call him, was, however, a man of fiery nature, the hot spirit sending a flush into his face. His temper subsided as quickly as it rose, and his troops adored him.

By the middle of November, 1862, the whole Army of the Cumberland had reached Nashville, and it was now officially divided into the Center, the Right, and the Left wings. George H. Thomas commanded the Center, Alexander McDowell McCook that of the Right, and Thomas L. Crittenden the Left wing. In the Right wing were three Divisions—one commanded by Jefferson C. Davis, a second

*Turchin, now a Brigadier General, was in command of a brigade in another Division.

by Richard W. Johnson, the third by Philip H. Sheridan. In the Center wing were the Divisions of Lovell H. Rousseau —a loyal and gallant Kentuckian—James S. Negley, and John M. Palmer, of Illinois; and in that of the Left were the Divisions of Thomas J. Wood, and Horatio P. Van Cleve. Curious to note, the Nineteenth was the only Illinois regiment remaining in Negley's Division. Rosecrans would not budge from Nashville, however, until he had accumulated two million rations at that place, and meanwhile this gave our Regiment an opportunity of displaying itself on frequent occasions. Over us loomed Fort Negley, one of the largest and strongest of the many fortifications thrown around the Capital City, while in front of that stronghold, interiorly speaking, was an open ground whereon thousands of people—soldiers and citizens—were wont to assemble of Sunday afternoon to witness the Dress Parade of the Nineteenth, now acknowledged by all to be the best drilled regiment in the Army of the Cumberland. But we had something more serious to do than thus exhibit ourselves, as is shown by the Official Report of Colonel Scott printed in Series 1, Volume XX, Part One, "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," prepared under the direction of the Secretary of War, and published, pursuant to acts of Congress, at Washington in 1887.

The year 1862 was about ended, but, undaunted by the snow-storms, and hearing that General Bragg had come forward towards him from Chattanooga as far as Murfreesboro, Tennessee, thirty miles away, Rosecrans at last marched out of Nashville, boldly looking for a December struggle before Winter quarters were taken up. The tenth of December Negley's Division advanced about eight miles and camped on the Franklin Pike, where we remained until the day after Christmas when a general movement of the army was made towards where Bragg was awaiting it; and

as we marched southward we sang all "the good old songs" which Root and others had composed up to that time. We did not know as yet, however, that very soon one of the most severe battle of the Civil War, in which at least a fourth of the entire force on both sides would be placed *hors combat* within three days, was to be our portion.

Two miles or so westward of the town of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, the railroad and the turnpike cross Stone River, a sluggish tributary of the Cumberland; and this triple line of road, rail and sinuous stream was made the scene of some of the most obstinate fighting in the history of wars. Rosecran's force numbered about 44,800 men; that of Bragg was perhaps a little less, but he was on ground of his own choosing. The two opposed battle lines ran from North to South, the turnpike, railroad and river already mentioned crossing them at right angles and not far apart. On the Union right stood McCook; then Thomas in the center; then Crittenden on the left. Facing them, from right to left, were Breckenridge, Polk and Hardee. Both armies were, for most part, in a country roughly level, with forest (cedar thickets especially) and clearing intermingled. On the night of December 29, the Union army approached the enemy's position, Negley's Division being in the center, and on the morning of the thirtieth the Nineteenth, deployed as skirmishers, entered the cedars and attacked the Confederates, driving them across Wilkinson Pike into the woods, where our further progress was suddenly checked by the uprising of a very strong force from behind brick-kilns; and there Colonel Scott's boys were compelled to fall back. Hardly more than skirmishing here and there along the front was indulged in during the thirtieth, but at last night came down and the contending forces slept on a field which soon became memorable in American history. Some interesting and amusing

incidents might be given here of our horse-meat supper and other sensations that night, but we pass that temptation by and proceed with the battle itself, giving however, the premier *pas* to the late George Cary Eggleston, a distinguished author and journalist, himself a soldier in the Confederate Army, who wrote:

"Bragg was an officer of great energy and activity, and he had under his command a force nearly if not quite equal to that of his foe; and now that Rosecrans was in his front, he determined to assume the aggressive and himself bring on the action. His plan was absolutely identical with that of Rosecrans, namely to push forward his Left wing, envelop and crush the enemy's Right, and by successive right wheels to destroy the foe or drive him into retreat. .Thus Rosecrans intended to begin the battle at one end of the line while Bragg meant to begin it at the other. Each, of course, massed his forces at the point where he purposed to make his first assault, and each thus weakened his line at the point which his enemy was planning to assail. As a consequence the initiatory advantage must of necessity lie with the force which should succeed in making itself the first aggressor, bringing on the engagement before the other was ready and striking the other's weakest wing with his own strongest divisions. That advantage fell to Bragg as a reward for his alertness in striking as soon as possible after dawn on the last day of the year 1862. He had so extended his left, as completely to overlap Rosecrans' Right and he fell upon it in flank with resistless impetuosity. The force defending it was quickly crushed and the Confederates, advancing with enthusiasm, bent back the next Division encountered, and after some strenuous fighting, forced it to retire upon a new line which Rosecrans hastily established at right angles to that of the morning. The fighting continued with desperate

determination and great slaughter on both sides until nightfall. The advantage was conspicuously with the Confederates, though there was no decisive victory won. . . . Rosecrans had been badly worsted, but he was not yet beaten. His army was not demoralized, and his own determination was not impaired. He took account of his ammunition, sent detachments to protect his communications, and resolved to hold his position and renew the battle on the following day, either as the assailant of his enemy or as the assaulted, as circumstances might determine. But the next day was passed in inaction on both sides, and it was not until the second of January, 1863, that the battle was renewed.

"Two days later and after desultory fighting, General Bragg abandoned his position at Murfreesboro and retired to Duck River, where he fortified. He reported his losses in this battle—which is variously known as Murfreesboro and Stone River—at 10,000 men, and declared that he had taken 6,000 prisoners. He also claimed to have captured thirty guns and lost three. On the other hand, General Rosecrans reported a loss of 8,778 in killed and wounded, and about 2,800 in prisoners lost to the enemy—a total of somewhat less than 11,000. The two reports are hopelessly at variance and irreconcilable, as to the number of prisoners taken, as was usually the case with the reports of battle losses at that period of the war. They were usually inaccurate and never trustworthy. But whatever the exact losses were on either side, they were far greater than were those of many more famous battles, and about as great as those of the battles commonly accounted as of superior proportions. Thus the loss admitted by the Confederates at Murfreesboro out of a force of about 40,000 men, was nearly twice that which Lee, with a force of 68,000, suffered at Fredericksburg; while the admitted Federal loss at Mursfreesboro, where the army numbered 43,700 men, was

very nearly as great as that sustained by Burnside's army of 120,000 at Fredericksburg, including the fearful slaughter in the six terrible assaults upon Marye's Heights. Obviously the Battle of Stone River must be accounted one of the bloodiest struggles of the war, as well as one of the most heroically contested on both sides."

Before giving our account of this battle, we wish to quote another distinguished authority as to that first day's fighting. In the "Appeal to Arms," volume twenty of the "American Nation" series (Harper & Brothers), Dr. James Kendall Hosmer says: "Next day (December 31), the Union left was promptly on foot, Van Cleve's Division crossing with alacrity the ford which separated it from Breckenridge; but just here came upon their ears the sound of battle from the southwest. Bragg, more prompt, had attacked at dawn—Hardee, with two splendid divisions, charging across the few hundred intervening paces. A woeful unpreparedness prevailed on the Federal right; the Division commander and Brigade commander, at the end of the wing, were not immediately at hand, and the horses of some of the batteries had been taken off to water. This negligence was unpardonable before a soldier like Hardee, whose principal lieutenant was Patrick Cleburne, an Irishman full of the best martial quality of his race. The Confederate charge could not be more impetuous; McCook's first Division, that of Johnson, was crumbled up and consumed. Jefferson C. Davis, who stood next, having a little time to spring to arms, stuck longer, but soon his division was in flight. Next came Phil Sheridan's turn, and by mid-forenoon the Federal right was turned back like a knife-blade half shut. But here, just at the hinge, stood Thomas, stayer of onslaughts on bloody fields before the present one. On this day he was wanting in no point of conduct, and the men that surrounded him were worthy

August Brinkman, Co. K.

Jacob Bolles, Co. D.

Charles G. Heath, Co. I.

of their chief. His two divisions stood immovable; behind them rallied the fugitives from the Right, that had been driven but were not demoralized. Rosecrans, though surprised, was neither dazed nor disheartened. In haste, recalling Van Cleve, whose troops came back dripping from the ford, he postponed his own scheme, galloping at once to his Center. He formed immediately a new line in front of the Nashville Pike, a road which it was indispensable to hold and guard. Whatever help can come to hard-pressed ranks from the magnetism of a commander's presence was abundantly afforded that day. He rode from point to point of greatest peril, the cannon-ball that slew his chief of staff grazing him. Hardee, and also Polk, who in good time had rushed in with the Confederate center, were sternly held; and when the darkness came of a short winter day, Bragg's victory was not complete.

The cold night fell, the winter heavens dimly lighting up the groups shivering by the camp-fires and the dreadful field with its burden of mutilation and death. On New Year's Day, 1863, the fight was not renewed till late in the day, the Federals then seizing ground which threatened the Confederate Right. On January 2, for a time, the combat raged with fury, Breckenridge striking desperately. His lines, nevertheless, were crushed by artillery, and with their recoil the battle was over—a battle in which neither side could claim to have won. Bragg withdrew at once thirty-six miles South, to Tullahoma, while Rosecrans held the field."

Let us now look at this great Battle of Stone River, as seen through the mind's-eye of vivid memory by more than one of those who, in the Nineteenth Illinois, participated in that combat of half a century ago. On the last day of the year 1862, we in the center had all the work on hand that could possibly be attended to; and as the surging sound of

the tussle over on our right drew louder and louder, evidently directing itself somewhat at our rear, we began to choke in the throat, so to speak, to think of home, and to wondering if our own turn would come soon. The right was not so far off but we could see the enemy "doubling up" the boys in blue, nor could we do anything toward their relief, as the enemy was also close upon us, having advanced along his entire line. We of Negley's and Rousseau's Divisions were holding the center; and meanwhile our comrades were falling as the wheat falls before cradling machines at harvest time. We could hear the hoarse shriek of shell, the swift rattle of musketry, the sound of buzzing bullets, the impact of solid shot, the chug when human forms were hit hard, the yells of pain, the cries of agony, the fearful groans, the encouraging words of man to man, and the death gasps which told of those who reported to the God of Battles. Hosmer speaks of the position formed by the giving way of the Union Right as "like a knife-blade turned back half shut;" to us it seemed like an inverted ∧, the point toward the foe, our own Division, lapping one side of the acute angle.

For several hours the enemy's effort to break this formation was fruitless. In vain the "Johnnies" thundered against us, firing their many cannon into our very faces at point blank range. They came so close to our line that not only did we see their every movement, but we could hear the commands of their officers. Still closer they crept, but still more firmly did Negley's soldiers hold the position at the point of that inverted ∧. The ground was thick strewn with dead and wounded; struck horses, no longer neighing or whinnying, were agonizing in their frantic cries. Cannon balls cut down trees around and over us, which, falling, crushed living and dead alike. "Steady, men, steady," sang out the Colonels. "Steady, men, steady," repeated

the company officers; and the boys, true to themselves and to the Colors, held steady, like the mighty oak, whose acorn came to be their Corps-Emblem in the course of things.

"There is a five-dollar bill in my watch-fob pocket. Take it out when I'm done for," said a comrade at our side. In another moment the well-known chuck of bullet was heard, and that soldier went down, fatally wounded. Some in the ranks were shouting challenges to the fighters across that deadly field. "Why don't you come over and take us into camp?" "Hey, Johnny, step along this way, a little quicker!" "Ah, yes, Massa Reb, very well aimed, but it never touched me." There were others, too, who were whispering prayers, taught them when little children, by loving mothers now weeping great tears of sympathy for and belief in the adored son here at the front where we were learning that death has a thousand doors to let out life, as, in the midst of unspeakable danger, we heard the leaves of memory rustling as we thought of those whom we might never see again.

No longer now could we stand up to fight as brave men love to fight, if fight they must. It seemed almost sure death, at least a wound, to those who stood erect, and, obeying orders, gladly perhaps, we hugged old Mother Earth, meanwhile firing low in determined effort to stay the onrushing tide of Gray. The trees around were falling on rank and file alike, breaking and maiming them; the bullets and shell-fragments were hitting hard and fast; and those who were wounded were being quickly carried back to where courageous surgeons were sticking to their duty as gallantly as any of the other commissioned officers on the battle line.

While we were thus hugging the earth a young Aide-de-Camp came dashing up to where "Joe" Scott was. "Colonel, General Negley's compliments, and orders your Battal-

ion to hurry to the support of yonder guns," pointing as he spoke to where Schultz's battery was feebly blazing away. No sooner were the words uttered than Colonel Scott, springing to his feet, sang out "Attention, Nineteenth!" and all and every one not dead or wounded as promptly obeyed his command as they would have done were they back on the parade field at Nashville.

"Dress on the left. Front! Forward, left oblique, double-quick, march!" The sharp order was repeated along a regimental line of men ever quick to obey, and off we rushed. Into the jaws of death, into the very gates of hell, as it were, the Regiment dashed, and presently we found ourselves just behind all that was left of a famous battery. A short while previously there were six "beauties" in active use; now only three of them were left on wheels, though still firing. Nearly all the gunners were down and out, and not a horse was fit for use. Those of the Nineteenth who knew how to load and fire cannon sprang to the help of the surviving artillerymen. From caisson to prolong those, Illinois "dough-boys" jumped with powder bags or shell; charges were rammed home; percussions or primers were placed; hurried aim was taken; the order to fire followed quick, and so messages of destruction were hurled that afternoon into soldiers not two hundred yards away. Then came piteous appeal from a wounded artillery officer not to let a single gun be captured, and several men of the Regiment dragged the two pieces remaining on wheels into the woods, to where we were now falling back.

By this time the enemy was so close that we could smell their burning powder and see into their exulting eyes. For, maddened by this resistance, Bragg was hurling the entire left and center of his army against Negley and Rousseau's Divisions—what were left of them—yet was he being held in partial check, with frightful slaughter. At length, however,

Thomas ordered Rousseau to fall back out of the cedars and form a temporary line on the open ground, so as to give Negley a chance to retire to a higher and better position. At this time, in order to check the enemy, the Nineteenth not only remained in line, but Colonel Scott boldly advanced it, and it stayed there for nearly half an hour, being at one time almost completely surrounded; then it fought its way out, passing over large numbers of rebel dead and wounded in a determined and successful effort to join the main body.

On rising ground just West of the Nashville Pike and commanding the field, Rosecrans formed his new line, facing southwestward. The divisions of Johnson, Davis, and Sheridan were set in order; Van Cleve and Wood were placed behind them in close reserve; all that was left of the artillery was gathered in heavy masses, while to gain time for this formation, and to keep in touch with Palmer's Division, on our left, it was necessary that Thomas' Corps should check the further advance of the defiant foe. Negley's Division, and that of Rousseau, quickly rallied on the Colors; one Brigade of Van Cleve came as support, and once more we were ready for those southern gentlemen, who, apparently, seemed quite willing to do all that was expected of them. At this critical moment the fighting became as hot and destructive as at any previous time. Thrice did the "Johnnies" assault our line—it was grand work on their part—and thrice were they, woefully torn with grape and canister and musket balls, held in check, which was, of course, great work on the part of the "Yankees." The thrill of repulse was more fierce even than that of attack had been, and all men were heroes then. By a concentrated effort the enemy next tried to break through on our left and take the new line in flank, but Palmer made that impossible. Urged by Polk, their Bishop General, the Rebels struggled hard to obtain possession of a grove called Round Forest, and regarded as

the key of our left, but all in vain. Then General Polk sent across the river to Breckenridge, whose men had not yet been engaged, for reinforcements. Two brigades were promptly sent at about three o'clock, and the attack on Round Forest was renewed. It, too, was unsuccessful; and so badly was the enemy smashed that it did little more until nearly five o'clock. Then, summoning all their energies, the Confederates dashed forward in one supreme effort; but Palmer's men met them with a bayonet charge which changed their plan, and the fight in that part of the field was ended. Meanwhile the rest of Bragg's force attempted to break Rosecrans' new line by an attack in front, but his approaching soldiers were greeted with a shower of grape and bullets which nothing human could stand up under; and hardly was the assault begun before it was ended. It was the Confederates now who took to the woods, and the firing ceased.

The first day of the great Battle of Stone River was over.

That evening our Regiment feasted on hot coffee, hardtack, and horse steaks broiled on coals; and while Rosecrans and his Generals were holding a Council of War the soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland were sleeping peacefully on the ground, with overcoats and the twinkling stars for their only covering. Next day—January 1, 1863—very little was attempted on either side. Negley's Division was ordered to the extreme right to support McCook, in anticipation of a second effort of the enemy; and Van Cleve's Division, with one of Palmer's brigades, was sent to seize some heights on the East side of the river and plant batteries there. This movement was not discovered by Bragg until the morning of January 2, on which date Rosecrans, anticipating an attack on his left, brought back our Division, and posted it to the right and rear of Sam Beatty's troops who were beyond the river, while fifty-eight

cannon were concentrated back of Negley, on elevated ground. Breckenridge impetuously attacked our left, routing two brigades of the first line and driving them pell-mell to the river and across it. It seemed certain that Van Cleve would be driven from the heights unless help reached him promptly.

"Who'll lead the way?" demanded Negley. "Who'll save the Left?" he called out, thus asking for volunteers for a most dangerous and almost impossible undertaking.

"The Nineteenth Illinois!" answered Colonel Scott; and so it came about that *Our's* led the dash at double-quick through the river—the water was over the hips of the tallest, up to the ears of the shortest men—upon the enemy. This incident was set to verse by a soldier in another regiment, and to music by George Root, famous as the composer of many war songs; and the words of that glorious anthem may be found on another page. Up the muddy bank right at the foe the soldiers of the Nineteenth threw themselves, and close at their heels rushed the rest of the division. Unable to withstand this sudden onslaught, but quickly firing a volley into the ranks of the advancing troops, the Confederates turned and fled the scene. A private in Company D had the good fortune to capture a rebel flag in that wonderful dash beyond Stone River; and it was afterward exhibited at the great Sanitary Fair in New York which Mrs. Mary Livermore had gotten up for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers. In this gallant charge the Nineteenth also captured several cannon; and one may read in the official report of the part taken in the battle by Company H, Fourth United States Artillery, this striking sentence: "In place of our disabled piece, the Nineteenth Illinois Infantry gave us one captured from the enemy."

The Battle of Stone River was over. Soon Bragg's shattered army was miles away, and Murfreesboro was

occupied by Union troops. Rosecrans sent this dispatch: "We have fought one of the greatest battles of the war, and are victorious. Our entire success on the thirty-first of December was prevented by a surprise of the right flank; but we have, nevertheless, beaten the enemy, after a three days' battle. They fled with great precipitancy on Saturday night. The last of their columns of cavalry left this morning. Their loss has been heavy." And to this message came a speedy reply, not from the General-in-Chief but, from the Executive Mansion, and signed A. LINCOLN: "Your dispatch announcing retreat of the enemy has just reached here. God bless you, and all with you! Please tender to all, and accept for yourself, the Nation's gratitude for your and their skill, endurance, and dauntless courage."

And Halleck, the General-in-Chief, dispatched: "You and your brave army have won the gratitude of your Country and the admiration of the world. The field of Murfreesboro is made historical, and future generations will point out the places where so many heroes fell, gloriously, in defense of the Union. All honor to the Army of the Cumberland—thanks to the living, and tears for the lamented dead."

In Eddy's "Patriotism of Illinois" it is declared that in this terrible affair no regiment vindicated its manhood more generously than the Nineteenth Illinois, and that book says: "On the thirtieth of December the regiment had but little to do and lost only nine men. The next morning it was up early in line of battle, although the men had scarcely eaten anything and slept on the ground without their blankets, which were in the wagon trains, miles to the rear. Soon, by the sound of the musketry, it was evident the rebels had turned our right. Thomas had lost part of his artillery and the veteran troops were retiring. Further back, toward the rear, firing opened. Then the Nineteenth prepared for the fight. They changed front, fixed bayonets, and charged,

Gen. W. S. Rosecrans.

the foe retiring before their terrible onset. Heavy firing commenced, and a storm of bullets whistled through their ranks. At the first fire Corporal Daggy fell mortally wounded. The enemy were repulsed, but the Twenty-seventh Illinois were hard pressed and needed aid. The Nineteenth faced to the right and as cooly as if on drill the men marched, with the lamented Scott at their head, through a terrific fire of shot and shell and took position by the side of the Eighteenth Ohio. Edgarton's Battery had been taken and was turned upon them, and other batteries opened a fearful fire. Word came that they were surrounded and must cut their way out. They faced about again, fixed bayonets, rushed into a cedar swamp, forced their way out, and, forming on the left of Sheridan moved to the front and went again into action. They had hardly got into position before portions of the Division fell back and the rebels advanced. General Negley ordered the Nineteenth to stand firm until the rest could form, and for half an hour, with the rebels on their front and flanks, it held back the advancing hosts until the Eighteenth Ohio and Forty-second Illinois were formed, and then it retired to the center as reserve.

"On Friday, those who knew the position of Van Cleve's division, felt certain that when the rebels did come it would fall upon the extreme Left. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the fierce cannonading which had prevailed for some time on the Left was accompanied by a deafening crash of musketry, and it was evident the battle was renewed in earnest. The enemy massed three of his divisions, Rain's, Anderson's and Breckinridge's, the whole under command of the latter, and hurled them against Van Cleve. His men bravely withstood the onset, but were literally overwhelmed by superior numbers and two of the brigades were broken to pieces. The other held its ground manfully, but to save

being surrounded had to retreat, and the whole were pushed back in disorder into and across the river. The rebels were preparing to follow when Negley suddenly appeared in compact line of battle. His practiced eye at once saw the danger unless an almost superhuman effort was made. He rode rapidly to their front, and, in his clear voice, shouted: 'Who will save the Left?' In an instant came back the reply from the gallant Scott: 'The Nineteenth Illinois!' 'The Nineteenth it is then! By the left flank, march!' was the command. Scott put his cap on his sword and shouted 'Forward!' His men lay down and fired one volley, then rose, fixed bayonets, and started upon that grand charge which saved the day, one as immortal as the charge of Balaklava. Into the river they plunged waist deep, although a whole rebel division was disputing the passage; up the precipitous bank, bristling with bayonets; baring their heads to the pitiless leaden rain; against bayonet and shot and shell; careless of the storm that was tearing through their ranks; unmindful of the brave fellows falling in the bloody track they made, they swept on, resistless as a Nemesis.

"At the top of the hill the rebels try to make a stand but they are shivered like a glass as the Nineteenth strikes them. They hesitate, they stand as if dumb with amazement at this terrible charge. Their ranks waver, they break and flee, the Nineteenth closely followed by the Eleventh Michigan and Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, pouring destruction through their fugitive ranks.——Across the open fields they rush to the protection of their batteries beyond, but the march of the Nineteenth is like the march of Fate. Regardless of the fact that the field is swept by the battery, they still roll back the rebel foe, vainly trying to seize upon every ridge and clump as a means of defense. Over the cornfields, up to the very muzzles of the guns in

spite of their belching fury and sheeted flame, over the parapet, and the battery belongs to the Nineteenth. The Left is saved. The day is ours—the victory is won, and thus the Nineteenth vindicated its good name and made one of the grandest and most glorious charges of the war.

The Regiment lost in killed and wounded one hundred and twenty-four out of three hundred and forty men. Colonel Scott was seriously wounded in the passage of the river, and died some months after from the effects of the wound."

Such is the story, in brief, of the Nineteenth's first great battle, and if there are many more bloodier combats on record, or if there is one where better fighting qualities by Union soldiers was displayed, we know it not. A strange incident of the closing scenes of this remarkable combat may now be recorded. The day after that last day's fighting, soldiers were detailed from every Union regiment to go out to the help of the wounded still on the field of strife, and to give the dead Christian burial. In that gruesome task the men of the Nineteenth came on the badly torn corpse of a soldier in faded blue. They decided that the remains were those of a member of our Regiment, and with gentle hands and tender thoughts they placed that body under a few inches of southern earth. They got a board and wrote on it the initials of the name and the number of the regiment of this dead Union soldier, as they then believed. The name thus designated was none other than that of the present writer, at the moment on his way to Libby Prison. A month or so later a letter from that foul pen gave the roster of the Nineteenth boys then at Richmond, and when his Comrades in D Company thus learned that their lamented Comrade was "alive and kicking" there was great rejoicing.

Writing from Murfreesboro January 14, 1863, to the Chicago Evening Journal, Adjutant Bangs gave a corrected

list of the killed, wounded and missing of our Regiment in the Battle of Stone River, and he said:

"Colonel Scott, though seriously wounded, will recover. He has excellent care at the hands of his mother, who has come down since the battle. He is the guest of Mr. D. D. Dickey, of Nashville. Major Guthrie's wound was slight, and has not incapacitated him for duty. The balance of the officers marked 'seriously' or 'slightly wounded,' have good care at Hospital No. 14, Nashville. Surgeon Bogue did excellent service. He had charge of a hospital which, on the 31st, fell into the hands of the enemy; consequently he had to attend to the wants of the wounded of both armies. On January 2d, the ground was regained by our forces and held. Our Chaplain, Rev. A. H. Conant, was with him assisting in taking care of the wounded on the 31st. When the balls were flying around the hospital from both sides, he took a red flag, walked over to the enemy's lines and politely informed them of the fact of that house being used as a hospital, and requested them to shoot either one side or the other, as the inmates were probably badly enough wounded already. Assistant Surgeon Bailhache, although detailed in charge of a hospital in Nashville, left that post and hurried to the scene of action to attend to the wants of the boys of the Nineteenth. Too much praise cannot be given to our Acting Quartermaster, Lieut. Alvah Mansur. By his precaution in supplying himself with rations *before the battle*, our boys had plenty of hard bread, meat and coffee, while in many instances other regiments subsisted on nothing but *roasted corn*. It is not necessary to speak of the bravery of any officer or man of the Nineteenth. Enough to say the men fought bravely, and the officers were at their posts, *leading*, not following their different, commands."

Wounded—Col. Jos. R. Scott, thigh; Maj. James V. Guthrie, face.

Co. A—*Killed*—Corp. Ira A. Pease; Privates Devillo L. Holmes, Thos. A. Moore. *Wounded*—Sergts. W. H. Wildey, arm; R. G. Sylvester, head; Corp. Chas. Kerr, leg; Privates R. P. Blanchard, side; J. H. Edgell, leg; M. C. Kennedy, leg; Joseph L. Slagle, side; Chas. H. Tuthill, hand; Geo. Uttz, abdomen, died Jan. 2; Saml. Worden, shoulder. *Missing*—Christopher A. Mulvey, since Dec. 31.

Co. B—*Killed*—Corp. Geo. Ryerson; Privates Isaac L. Kenyon, Chas. M. Leason, J. O. Imes. *Wounded*—Capt. A. Murchison, back; Lieut. John H. Hunter, thigh; Sergt. Thos. Robison, shoulder; Corp. H. B. Worth, finger; Privates Geo. Dugan, thumb; Thos. Turnbull, thumb; Geo. T. Sharrer, thigh; J. W. Oziah, lip; Columbus Morgan, abdomen, died Jan. 7; M. Douglas, foot; J. M. Deacox, arm; Walton Craig, leg. *Missing*—Corp. J. L. Kennedy, since Dec. 31.

Co. C—*Killed*—Corp. Henry Sweezy. *Wounded*—Lieut. Washington L. Wood, hand; Corp. Delavan Craft, leg; Privates John Ives, hand; Webster Daniels, hand; Peter Boskourt, arm; Chas. Idair, neck; William M. Battis, leg; Frank Seguin, arm and side; Edward McCabe, leg.

Co. D—*Killed*—Corp. Robert McCracken. *Wounded*—Sergt. James Goldsmith, side, died January 1st; Corp. H. Clay Daggy, hip; Corp. W. B. Taylor, leg; Privates John Tanzy, back, and taken prisoner; Thos. Willard, leg; Henry E. Carter, leg; Jacob Balls, breast; Joseph Smith, head; Saml. Maddin, shoulder. *Missing*—Jas. H. Haynie, since December 31; Murray W. Smith, since December 31.

Co. E—*Killed*—None. *Wounded*—Corp. Joseph C. Huntington, hand; Privates John E. A. Stevens, mortally; David McArthur, face; John Hays, hip; John C. P. Noble, mortally, died Jan. 6th; Thos. C. Welsh, hip; Thos. King,

thigh; George Joel, mortally. *Missing*—Corp. Peter F. Guthrie, since Dec. 31.

Co. H—*Killed*—Jesse Maxwell. *Wounded*—Capt. Garriott, leg; Lieut. Wood, bowels, died Jan. 5; Sergt. Volney C. Johnson, leg, and taken prisoner; Corp. Sumner Harrington, side; Corp. Wm. Haggarty, arm, and taken prisoner; Corp. L. B. Thomas, knee; Corp. John H. Snyder, thigh; Privates, Henry E. Wells, arm; Geo. F. Fleming, arm, and taken prisoner; Geo. B. Sickles, shoulder; Jas. W. Carson, wrist, and taken prisoner; John Benham, ankle and taken prisoner; Jas. F. Coleman, eye, and taken prisoner; Josiah Suter, leg; M. Stoughton, thigh; Chas. G. Bates, wrist. *Missing*—Geo. Kearns, since December 31.

Co. I—*Killed*—John Tritteau. *Wounded*—Henry Harms, back; Frank Hogan, shoulder; Richard Dohring, arm; Joseph Matt, leg. *Missing*—Lyman M. Jones, since Dec. 31st.

Co. K—*Killed*—Sergt. Daniel W. Griffin. *Wounded*—Lieut. V. B. Bell, head; Sergt. S. H. Scadden, leg; Corp. Frank Russel, head; privates J. C. Fullerton, mortally, died Jan. 3; E. Bullen, side; P. Smith, mouth; R. Peirrelott, thigh. *Missing*—Jas. Dwyer and Thomas Johnson, since December 31st.

ADJUTANT BANGS STORY OF THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER.

I will begin this account of our First Fight* with the movement of General Rosecrans' Army from Nashville during the last week of December, 1862. We had been having a long resting spell there, and in the meantime Rosecrans, appointed to command the Army of the Cumberland the previous October, was maturing his plans for a grand forward move-

*Our good Comrade's claim that this was the Regiment's *first fight* is erroneous, as will be seen by reference to the main text. But it certainly was our first great battle.

ment. Murfreesboro* must be taken at all hazards, and, in the event of success there, Tullahoma and Shelbyville would soon be within our lines, thus removing all barriers to the ultimate capture of that important key, Chattanooga. Our command left Nashville about five o'clock A. M. December 26, and marched along the Franklin Pike until we reached Russell Pike; had proceeded about seven miles, when we took a cross road with the intention of striking the Nolensville Pike.

Before reaching Nolensville we heard the roar of cannon, the first time many of us had heard it in battle, and shortly after we saw the flash and smoke of the enemy's guns, still a long way off, evidently disputing the advance of our cavalry. This firing, it appears, was from a detachment which was objecting to McCook's entrance into Nolensville.

We soon struck the Pike, and the divers expressions of delight at again finding good Macadam under our feet can be readily imagined. On reaching Nolensville, we marched through the town, then went into camp about a mile south of it, knowing well that we were now in the midst of the enemy, with their cavalry about us, bound to try in every way possible to retard our advance, so as to give Bragg an opportunity to concentrate his forces. Because of the poor roads, the wagons failed to show up, and as the boys were without knapsacks, it is easy to see the kind of time we had in pitching camp after a fatiguing day's march through a pouring rain. Next day we were marched back to the town. Meanwhile the wagons had arrived, but before anybody could claim his own an order came to "reduce baggage!" This meant to throw out everything in the shape or boxes, mess chests, extra clothing, etc., and all tents except one Sibley for each company, and one small tent to a company for its officers.

*During the previous autumn and early winter, the Confederates had been fixing themselves snugly in and about Murfreesboro, firm in the belief that the Union forces would not move before spring, but "Old Rosey" thought differently.

The Field and Staff were to get on with a large tent, while a small one was provided for the Adjutant.

Quartermaster Sergt. Downs and I were left behind to superintend the work of removal; we had the surplus carried into a house, and a guard was placed in charge thereof. It was raining hard all this time, but we finally got the wagons started for the new camp. The Regiment had taken a cross road to reach the Murfreesboro Pike; we certainly saw worse roads afterward, but at that time we thought we had "struck the limit!" It finally cleared off, however, and the moon shone brightly; on either side and toward the front we could hear the rumblings of big guns, with an occasional sharp rattle of musketry, which reminded us forcibly that "the cruel war" was on. As Downs and I rode along, our escort close at hand, we felt well, indulged in a few songs, an occasional heart to heart talk of old times, and meanwhile enjoying that great solace of the soldier of every country, a pipe and tobacco. Danger lurked on all sides; the rumbling guns told us that every step of the way was being contested; we were experiencing the first taste of real war. Our senses were alert; we would have been surprised at nothing, yet for all that, I can only look back on that night's ride as a pleasure never to be forgotten.

Late on the twenty-seventh the Regiment camped within half a mile of the Murfreesboro Pike, in the timber, but only two wagons succeeded in getting through that last muddy road. Having plenty of wood, we built good fires, made "feather beds" of cedar boughs, and "slept soundly within sound of the enemy's guns." Next day we remained in that timber camp, and one by one the wagons came straggling in, the drivers "saying things" as to the roads and everybody pretty well tired out. Here it was learned that the order to "reduce baggage" was somebody's blunder, and though the teams were almost completely exhausted,

they were sent back, with Downs in charge, for the tents and other things at Nolensville. That evening Major Guthrie and I took a ride to the front. We saw the Confederate pickets a little way down the road; our own pickets were only a few yards in front of us; as they were firing at one another, and as we could hear the bullets breaking through the branches over our heads we soon concluded that it was not absolutely necessary for us to remain just there, and so we rode back again.

The morning of December 29, our Division was ordered on a reconnaissance to the right; we struck off diagonally, and in less than an hour we ran into the enemy in the shape of a battalion of cavalry. A battery opened on them, and for a short while things were very exciting. Whenever a shell burst among the Confederates, we could see the men and horses fall to the right and left, while those near would scatter, then rally quickly to their places and fill the gaps thus made. In our cooler moments we might shudder at the thought of human beings being thus struck down, but now we were exulting over seeing men fall, their ranks disorganized, their advance checked by death. But such is war. We shot to kill; and no one thought for a moment of raising his musket so that the bullet might pass harmlessly over the opposing foe. That night we went into camp again, this time directly in front of the Confederates, they being lined up in front of Mursfreesboro. We slept in the mud and rain; our teams were we knew not where; and if they had been within a few hundred yards, they would have been of no use, as we could not have left our advanced position. The boys were minus tents or blankets, and without the privilege of making coffee, as no fires were allowed. Now an American volunteer soldier will stand almost any necessary thing in the line of hard service, given a reasonable cause, but deprive him of his coffee, and he is

apt to use language! and no doubt some of the Nineteenth did on this occasion.

During our advance on the fore part of that day an incident occurred that is worth mentioning. At a small clearing there was a little log house, the home of a young couple probably just starting out in life; there were the beginnings of a garden, some cribs and pens, a few chickens, and a pig; but the family had departed in a hurry, leaving everything behind them. Inside the cabin, the bed was nicely made up; articles of clothing were hanging here and there on the walls; the one room was as spick and span as could be. I might have made use of a blanket that night, and with it slept more comfortably, still I could not bear to touch a single thing in that neat little home. Yet it was a dead certainty that when the main body of troops came along, not a scrap in that cabin which might be worn or used in any way would be left. We of the Nineteenth had not yet made up our minds to "subsist on the enemy."

December 30, 1862, was a momentous and never to be forgotten day to the Nineteenth Illinois. Our Division had been ordered to the front, and soon the Battle of Stone River was on, although as yet only in a small way. The Regiment was deployed as skirmishers for the Brigade, and it advanced until it struck the enemy, when a sharp fire was opened on both sides, which was decidedly spirited. I wish to say right here that no body of experienced veterans could have exceeded the members of our Regiment for cool and deliberate attention to the business before them. We took advantage of trees and of all obstructions, as skirmishers should ever do, but there was no scrambling, no hurrying, no excitement. Lines were maintained as closely as possible; and, let me say here, the admirable courage and common sense displayed by our Officers, and particularly by Colonel Scott, were incentives to bring out the best there was in us.

It was the first time I was under fire; I didn't know whether to be afraid or not; and indeed there was not much time to think about that sort of thing, as Colonel Scott was going here and there, and I was putting in most of my time on the double-quick! But of one thing I am sure, bullets were soon whistling around my head in fine style. Comparatively few of the boys were hit, and I often wonder how that could possibly be, as the leaden messengers were buzzing around our heads like swarming bees. We knew the bullets were thick, and we heard them on all sides; the old estimate that for every soldier killed in battle his weight in lead has been shot away, is indeed a true one. A bullet makes a peculiar noise as it goes whizzing by; frequently, one involuntarily dodges it—the action can't be helped. The thought of saving one's-self is very quick in its action but the bullet that is coming is too swift in flight to dodge.

That night we slept on the field of strife, well to the front, however, but the day was rather against than for us, although our position had been maintained. We had surely received our baptism of fire all right, and as becomes brave men. Many of the boys were laid low; we were assembled on the Colors; our beds were on the hard ground, well aligned, and we had plenty of time to think over the events of that day and to realize that the morrow would perhaps be one of still fiercer fighting. My mind again reverted to the admirable coolness of our Officers; every one was as clear-headed as though on parade; every one was in his place, ready, willing, prepared, and all received Scott's orders as he gave them, with coolness and deliberation.

The ball was reopened on the morning of the thirty-first of December by the artillery of our Division, and from the word go it was hot every minute of the time. The first task of the day was to regain the ground lost by McCook. Rousseau and VanCleve were sent over to the right, and

after several hours of severe fighting, in which our Division took active part, a new position was established and maintained. But the hardest fighting for our Division fell upon it that afternoon. The Rebels had placed guns near an old brick-kiln, and were doing deadly work, for we were exposed to a flank fire on the right, whence McCook had fled. Our left flank became exposed, our right was wide open, and we were obliged to fall back, as we did in perfect order, however. We assisted in caring for the wounded; none was left on that part of the field passed over by the Nineteenth. Four of us carried a soldier from another regiment; he thought he was not badly hurt, but begged like a good fellow not to be left on the field, fearing he would fall into the hands of the enemy. He wanted me to examine his wound; a small blue spot near the heart, from which no blood had flowed. I could not but feel that he was badly wounded, but did not tell him so. We laid him down in a comfortable place, entirely out of harm's way, and were obliged to leave him there.

The fire we sustained on that advanced position was terrible; all the cannon in front seemed to be determined to make things as uncomfortable and dangerous for us as possible. It was almost point blank range, so they had it "down to a nicety" for the Regiment. A shell burst in the ranks, killing one man in Company B and another in Company C. A solid shot cut down a large tree and several men, including one in Company D, were badly injured. The order to retire reached us none too soon. So the Nineteenth fell back, but presently, when we came within sight of the main support, we made another stand, where some rocks had been piled up, and here we held the foe in check until the whole Division had secured safer ground. But the Confederates discovered this backward movement, and came rushing ahead, foolishly supposing us to be in full retreat.

The losses on both sides were heavy, and many a poor fellow was seriously wounded, Lieutenant Bell, Lieutenant Hunter, and Captain Garriott among the number. We were now under the protection of the whole Fourteenth Corps, and the Rebels could follow us no farther. That night we bivouacked in comparative safety, the railroad enbankment affording us good breastworks. It was practically the last of the hard fighting on the thirty-first, though we could hear the rumble of big guns long after we had gone to rest. Our loss in these two days was eight killed, fifty-two wounded, and eighteen missing, a total of seventy-eight. Compared with losses in some other regiments this was small; but when we think of our advanced and exposed position, at short range, it seems almost miraculous that it was so slight.

On New Year's Day, 1863, our Division was not engaged, although it could not be called a day of rest for us. There was fighting over on the Right, and McCook, with the aid of other troops, succeeded in regaining some of his lost ground, and held his new position. But the attack on McCook was merely a feint, as was soon shown. That night General Bragg was moving the bulk of his army to his Right, hoping to crush our Left, where General Crittenden was in command. Bragg believed he had the best of us, and he probably had some reason for thinking so. Very little fighting was indulged in that day, however, and the troops on both sides retired to rest at an early hour. Next morning Negley's Division was moved to the Left until we came in touch with General VanCleve. The Regiment's orders were to support the artillery, and as soon as we were in position, just behind a rise of ground that concealed us from the enemy, and close to the river, I had leisure to run to the top of the hill and take in the situation. A little to our right, on a beautiful piece of ground, fifty-two pieces of artillery had been parked, ready now and waiting for the

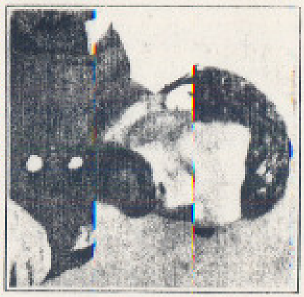
foe's advance. General Breckenridge, having been largely reinforced, was massing his whole command, with the intention of breaking Rosecrans' Left. The Confederates were under cover of heavy timber, and we could see practically nothing; but "Old Rosey" evidently knew of the move, and was preparing to give them a warm reception. Well, they got it!

About three o'clock the Rebels moved out—they did present a formidable appearance and no mistake. However, they had hardly shown their colors when the park of artillery just mentioned opened fire on them. Colonel Van Schroeder, Chief of Artillery, was there, and it almost seems as though he personally sighted every gun, so deadly was the fire. Talk about the horrors of war; the Confederates were advancing a solid mass; and those fifty-two cannon were being fired into them as swiftly as efficient soldiers could swab out and reload. The continued roaring of the guns was like the volleying of infantry. It was the most magnificent battle scene I ever saw. The Confederates kept advancing, and while their attack seemed only half-hearted, it looked as though our Left would have to give way. Then General Rosecrans came riding along; asking for Palmer's Division and gaining no reply, he called out: "Who'll save our Left?" Colonel Scott stepped quickly forward and said: "Here is Negley's Division; we'll save the Left!" *The order was given, and we did save the Left.* We advanced quickly and in perfect order; the Nineteenth Illinois led the way and was first to cross the river. The fighting which followed was terrible; indeed in many parts of the field it was a hand-to-hand engagement. The struggle was bitter, but of short duration. One account of the combat says that after the charge of Negley's Division, the fighting only lasted half an hour, but I was there, and I know it continued at least an hour, if not longer. The enemy fought

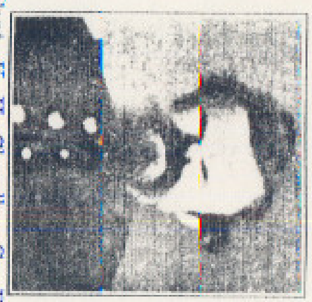
like tigers, but finally gave way, leaving everything behind them—cannon, accoutrements of all kinds, small arms, together with their wounded and dying.

On the final charge the Nineteenth Illinois captured four pieces of artillery belonging to the celebrated Washington Battery of New Orleans. The survivors of that Battery have since made the boast that it never lost a gun until the Battle of Chancellorsville; nevertheless, I believe we took four of their guns at Stone River. When I arrived at the place where those brave artillerymen made their last stand, and I was among the first, their dead and wounded were lying around, some of them in horrible condition. I asked one poor fellow the name of the Battery, and he told me distinctly it was the Washington. We knew that that Battery was in Bragg's command, and were elated over the fact that we were the first to wheel its captured guns to the rear. If I am not mistaken, we also captured two Confederate flags. In passing over the field, I came upon two soldiers lying as close as they could to a big log; one of them was badly wounded, but the other was all right. As soon as I came within hailing distance the uninjured one called to me, begging permission to go with his brother and take care of him. I never heard a more pitiful plea in all my life; he didn't care where he himself was taken, or what might happen to him, if he were only allowed to care for his wounded brother. He said they had no desire to go back into the Rebel ranks; that they had been forced to join the Confederate Army, and that they had avoided taking a fighting part in every way. They looked like well-to-do Southerners of the better class, conversing intelligently. The one that did most of the talking declared their sympathies were not with the South, but that they had been pressed into the service and were now making the best of it. I believe they told the truth. When the ambulance corps came around,

ably carried t there iso know-
ey were perin togetr or not.
nt I ran aand we ent over
he field togebel woued could
r at once, aalties we heavy,
ns were all night tl Confed-
enteen hund wound on the
laimed thats heavybut I do
The Regithis, theast day's
as comparaseven we killed
wounded. ndler ofompany
ad; Lieut Compy H re-
of which hfth; Lay Wood
, was slighn the rit hand
had a slighe face Colone
ived a seven which never
Many of oucatteredver the
ing water t. Theights we
r to be forgot care try and
I gave een to e of the
ttery boys. rates haetreated
timber, anost darbur scat-
ere called bag what nd of ar
ght run up
ed in camp rd of Jaary; i
disagreeable well pleed to be
Towards everth we we moved
d the Regiput on pcet duty
adquarters lck to lve a roo
, and we wep dry, oove and
eling reasoneanwhi that th
not open nnonadg at th
remember s after Sne Rive



Lieut. Alvan Mansur, Co. H.



Capt. K. H. Chandler, Co. F.
Killed at Stone River.

Battle. We were obliged to wait for our wagons, containing provisions, tents, and possibly mail from the North which had difficulty in finding us. We talked again and again of the incidents, both great and small, of the four days' fighting; we thought of our wounded Colonel, and wondered if he would ever be with us again; and we thought of our comrades of all ranks, dead, wounded, and missing now, but were brave when the trying moments were on them and us; men who had stood up, facing the foe in mortal strife, who were worthy of the regiment to which we all belonged—the Nineteenth Illinois Infantry.

LESLIE G. BANGS,
First Lieutenant and Adjutant
Nineteenth Illinois Infantry.